# The DEVIL's OAK:

OR,

## His Ramble in a Tempestuous Night.

Where he happen'd to Discourse with Men of several Callings of his own Colour and Complexion. *To a very pleasant new Tune.*

AND the Devil he was weather-beat,
and forc'd to take a tree;
Because that the Tempest it was so great,
his way he could not see:
But under an Oak, instead of a cloak,
he stood to keep himself dry,
And as he stood, a Fryer in his hood
by chance came passing by:

And the Devil he made the Fryer afraid,
with that he crost his breast;
Then up the Devil started, the Fryer was faint-hearted,
you may think and choose the Best:
For I am the Fryer and thou art the Lyar,
therefore thou art my Father;
I am a Doctor of Evil, and thou art the Devil,
the Worser I hold thee rather.

A Collier and his fact came by,
which coals he did use to carry;
And so soon as the Devil he did him espy,
he caus'd him a while to tarry,
For why I do think, that with thee I must drink,
and he call'd for a glass of claret;
Now I find by thy smell, that thou camest from Hell,
and I fear thou hast stole my chariot.

Then the next that came by was a Chimny-sweeper,
with poles, his brooms and shackles,
What trade, thou Man, the Devil, he said,
that thou usest all whole tackles?
I pithee, gentle Blade, tell me thy trade,
thy face it is so besmeared,
Hadst thou been so black, and no tools at thy back,
thou'dst have made me sore afraid.

Sir, a Chimny-sweeper, I do profess,
although my trade's but mean,
It is for to sweep all dirty holes,
and to keep soul chimnys clean:

Then go thou to Hell, where the Devil he doth dwell,
and he will give thee a piece;
God-a-mercy, old Dog, when I meet my Dog,
then thou shalt have the fleece.

The next that came by was a Tawny-moor,
and the Devil ask'd him if,
And he stared on his tawny skin,
crying, Friend, art thou any kin to me;
For sure your skin both resemble our sin,
therefore let us walk together,
And tell me how you do allow
of this tempestuous weather.

Then the next that came by was a Gun-powder-man,
which coals and brimstone sifted,
That in three quarters of a year,
himself had hardly thrifted:
Then up the Devil rose, and snuffed his nose,
he could endure it no longer,
Cry'd, Away with this furze, 'tis not fit for the coarse,
it will neither quench thirst, no, nor hunger.

I pithee, gentle Blade, tell me thy trade,
as thou hast so strong a smell:
It is for to make gun-powder, he said,
for to blow the Devil out of Hell;
And if I had him here, his joynts would I tear,
he should neither scratch, no, nor bite,
I would plague the Devil for all his evil,
and make him leave walking by night.

Then a Tinker worse than all the rest,
although that he was not so black,
By chance as he came passing by,
with his budget on his back,
He cry'd, Ponder is the Devil's Tree,
let us see who durst go thither:
For I will shelter, from the wind and the rain,
or any tempestuous weather.

That shall be try'd, the Devil then he cry'd,
then up the Devil he did start:
Then the Tinker threw his staff about,
and he made the Devil for to smart;
There against a gate, he did shake his pate,
and both his horns he broke:
And ever since that time, I will make up my rhyme,
it was called, The Devil's Oak.

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